

And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no tooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tendernes to be,
Requires nor Childs, nor womans face to see:
I haue fate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either side
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefite
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the fine straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boule
That should but riuie an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him without knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pittie to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Child
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:

I am husht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speake a little
Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleue it: Oh beleue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my steed, would you haue heard
A Mother lesse? or granted lesse *Auffidius*?
Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworne you were:
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good fir)
What peace you'll make, aduise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!
Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare
A better witness backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you defense
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes.
Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.
Men. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner
Sicin. Why what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our throats are sentend, and stay vpon
execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Men. There is differency between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is
growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more
then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deere.

Men. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse
of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues
like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Trea-
ding. He is able to pierce a Corrier with his eye: Talks
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State,
as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mer-
cy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more
mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that
shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
vnto vs, When we banish'd him, we respected not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Mess. Sir, if you'd saue your life, flye to your House,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? *(preuail'd,*
Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gonē:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?

Mess. Is't most certaine.

Mess. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.
The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the shewing Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Harke you. *A shout within*

Men. This is good Newes:
I will gomeete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for tenthousand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doir. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound still with the Shouts.
Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over
the Stage, with other Lords.*

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Titus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere:
Deliver them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repaie to th' Market place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Aufidius Faction.
Most Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poyson'd, and with his Charity flaine.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,